

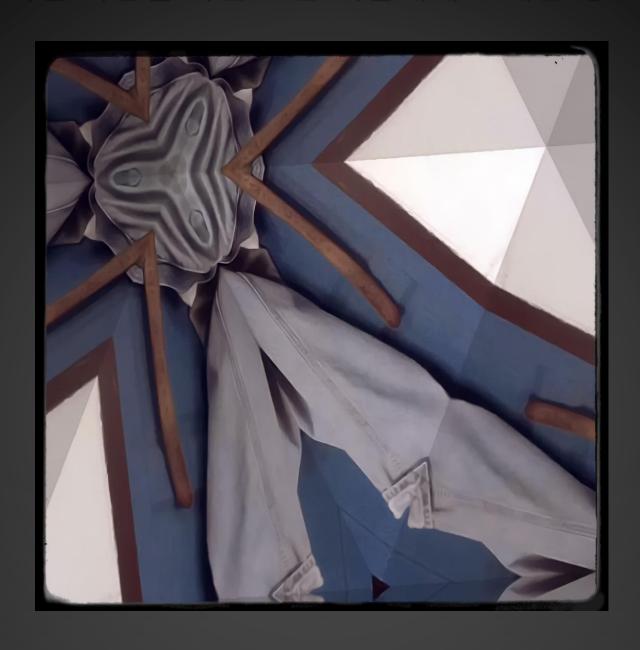
약한 마음을 가진 모든 이들에게 보내는 경고

This warning is NOT meant as a slight and should nearly, rarely be conceived as an open insult to those of the Woke persuasion nor to their fellow travelers among the 72 biometric genders that represent the vast majority of misguide "Coalition of the Willing" followers of the (Emil's words) Ahriman's Great Social Reset.

This is a heartful warning that Emil's thoughts can be deeply troubling to your core, biometric value signaling. Still, I believed that this is just the Curry Pancakes talking NOT EMIL!

SEINE

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약한 마음을 가진 모든 이들에게 보내는 경고

As we move further into the year of 2023, it is becoming clear that these are truly times that challenge even the hardest, badass core of the most dedicated Jesuit of Truth (as myself) now that truth has been cast down upon the dustbin of history. In such dark days, it does



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seem hard to focus on the importance of being true to one's calling to the light of honestly and to continue onwards out here in the wilderness of Banishment from EC's Eden of polite society. There are days when I can truthfully say that: "It is on them and if they want to be Rubes and



live their lives in a 13th
Century World of every increasing restrictions that they claim has made them actually "Owning nothing but, still happy" serfs...

Then, it is on them and (I hope that) don't come crying later on as we all have discovered: Freedom ain't FREE!"



Often people in the live chat quiz me to my secret to being able to get away with saying just about anything with being canceled or outright banished.

I could revert to yet another long story that all starting in a "10,000 Watt Radio Station in downtown, Central Ohio..."

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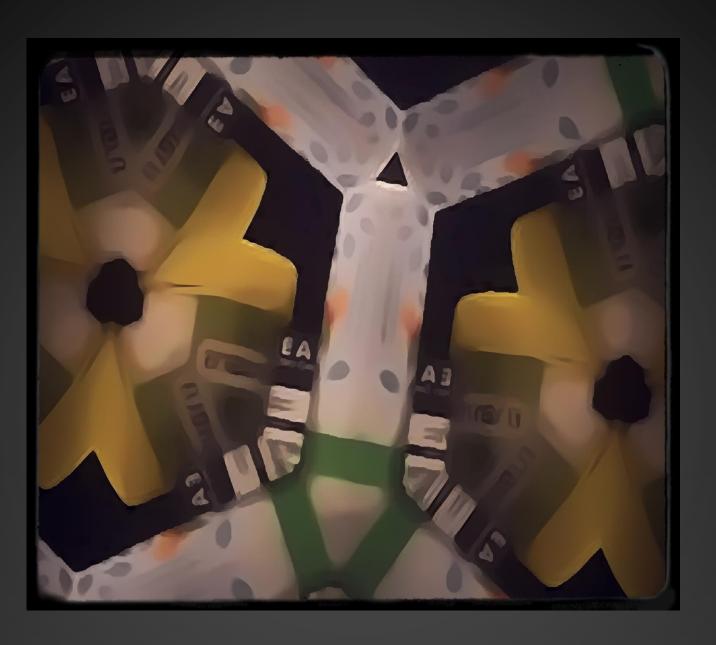


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NO WAIT!

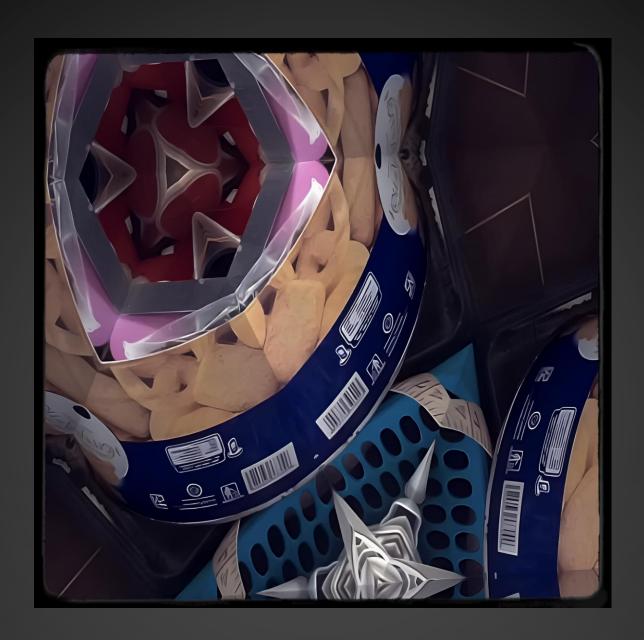
That's not even close to being right as this was the teaser story of the Mister Ted Backster character on the Mary T. More TV Show from the early 1970's.

Things can get a little confused around here when I don't use my cue

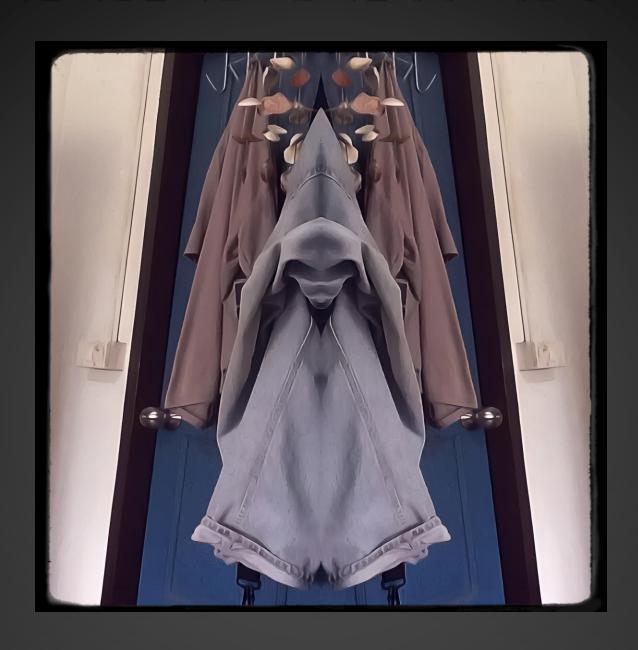


cards cheat sheets from Miss Dewey to keep me on track.

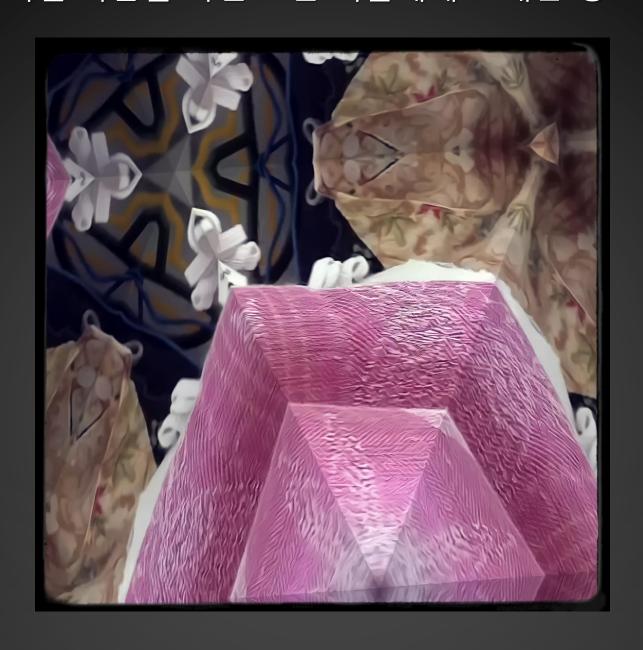
Although, my journalist
spider senses that I
acquired from my school
days at the famed
Columbia School of Yellow
Journalism (the Home
Study Course) are
screaming in my
headphone to go with the



Ted Backster storyline as it is far more interesting than my pitifully sad but truth while having strong, good looking career gals like Mary, Gloria, Rhoda and not to forget the ageless beauty of Betty White (non-racist as this was the family's name given to them on Ellis Island as no one there



spoke a lick of Norwegian that day) Point well taken but then again the turd in their dream podcast punch is the unescapable fact that I can NOT lie being a very senior member of the Jesuits of Truth Local #433 - it is on page one of the International Edition of the Jesuits for Truth



employee handbook and is
strongly reenforced on
page twelve and
mentioned further on
page seventy or was that
page ninety?
Either way, I am bound by
my Jesuit contract to
follow the rules of the
order with the
acceptation of not
drinking coffee, Coca-Cola

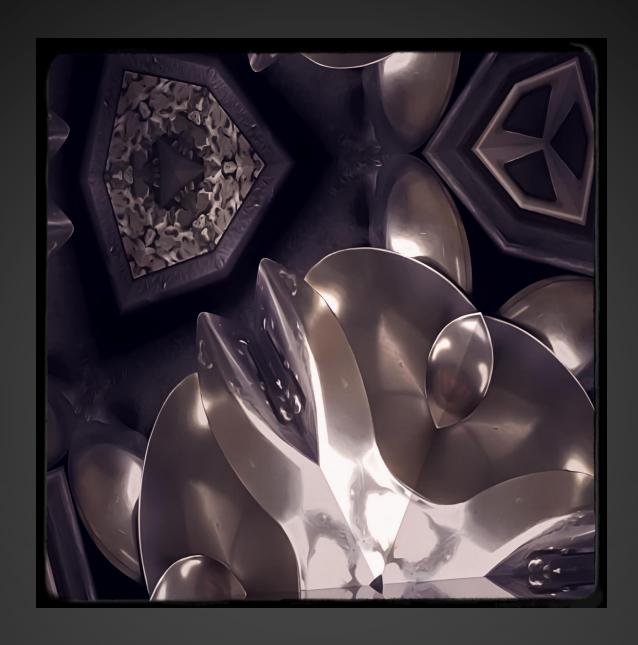


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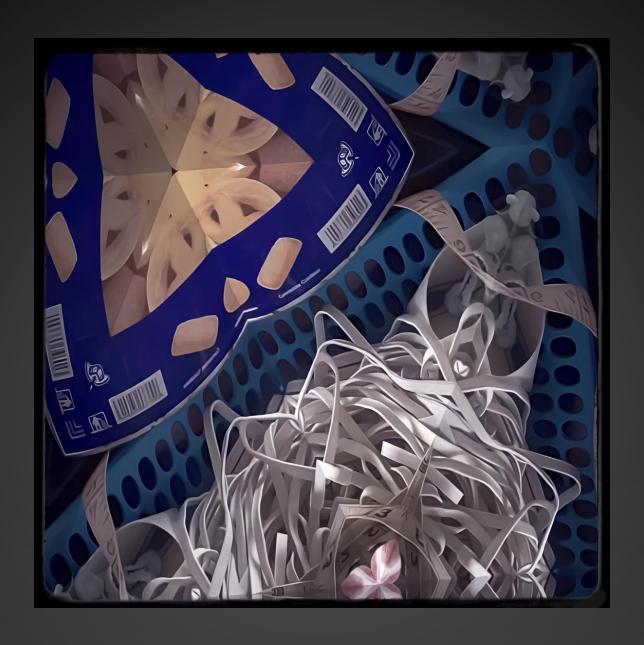
or any carbonylated type of beverage - not even English Breakfast Tea.

NO WAIT!

You are right! Those are Mormons (them Latter Day Saint guys and gals) that can do the coffee thing and while I think about it; what this thing with their requirement to



wear a special Mormon
Underwear???
Look...I ain't judging as
many priest wear monk
pantyhose under their
habit...
That's true...
Googlie that if you don't
believe me!
You can buy it direct from
any Monks-R-Us Clothing
Store or if you have



Prime, you can get it from Amazonia with next day delivery to most locations in the lower 47 (Not sure if Amazonia delivers directly to the Republic of Texas these days?) states.

This is the trouble without my cue cards!
These podcasts just denigrate off into the

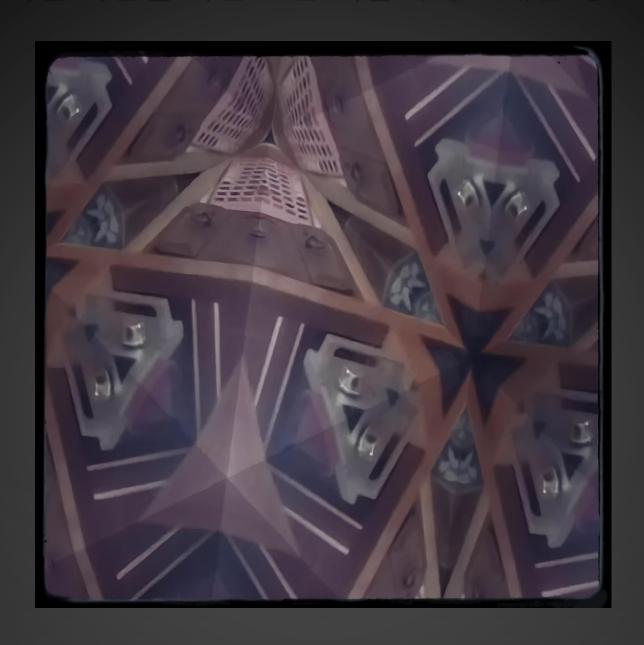


once the Netherlands and as you can just imagine, it is like herding them feral kats to get it all back before the upcoming commercial break from our new sponsor, Skynet Transhumanist Home

Conversion Kits.
"Tried of the long lines at the Ahriman Community



Centers? Overwhelmed
but the wait time for
conversion? Concerned
that your Social Credit
Score is too low to
qualify?
WELL! Worry no more as
Skynet as joined with
Aceme Heavy Industries
to offer you an easy,
step-by-step guide to
transhumance in the



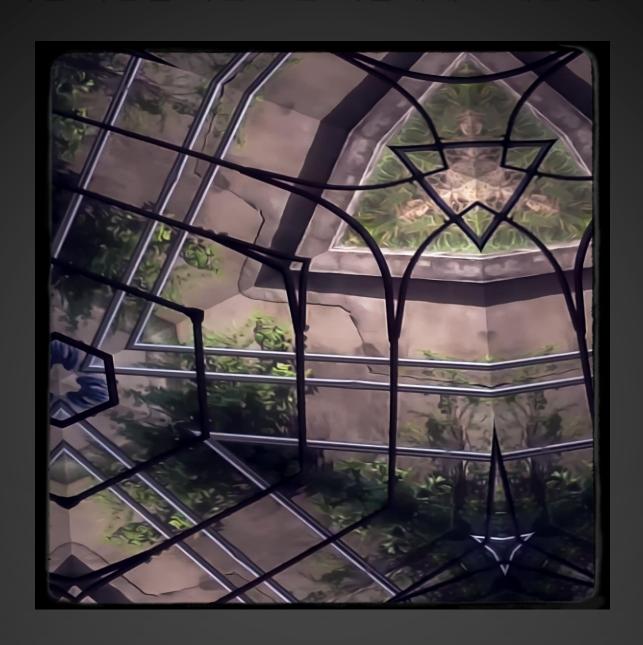
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privacy of your own home
(you still have one...like
seriously?) or office.
No need for downtime as
you can do this on your
lunch break or while
waiting for the evening
trolly home...
Get started today!
Skynet operators are
awaiting your call!"



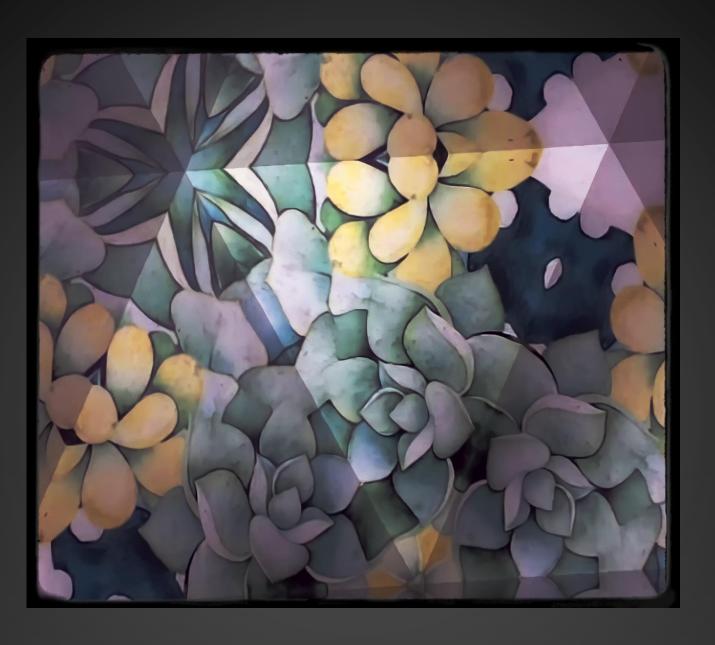
Seems that more than a few who were actually paying attention on the last podcast have called me out for never getting around to answering the question(s) as to why/how I am free to talk freely in this new age of Ahriman's Great Social reset.

The truth is not that complicated and is one

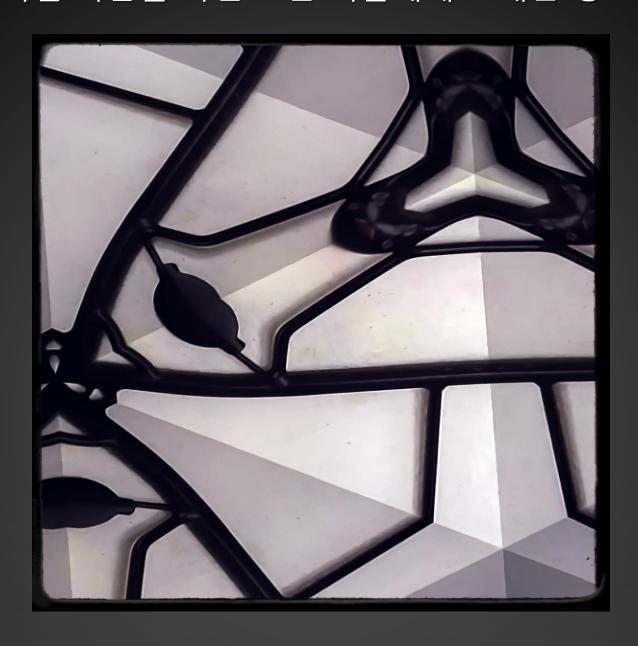


that use to often ask of myself and others more wise in these matters than me.

The first part of this equation is the simplest part to answer in that I no longer reside in any of the lands that have freely taken the knee to join his Coalition of the Willing of Ahriman or embraced his



WEF Goonies Minions'
droning, gleeful mantra of
"Owning nothing but still
being happy!"
I would say that my
banishment due to record
beratingly low Social
Credit Score has turned
to my favor as it does
allow me the near
absolute FREEDOM to say
and do as I please.

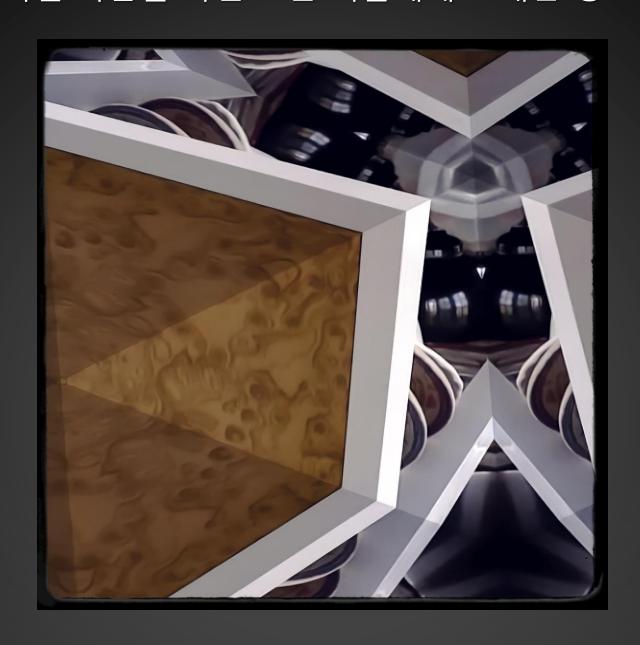


약한 마음을 가진 모든 이들에게 보내는 경고

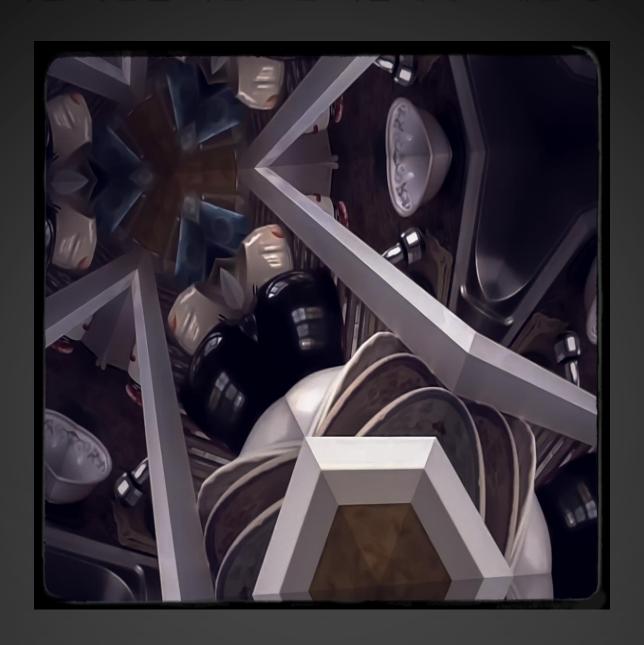
This has actually boasted my book sales as nothing sells better than a "BANNED" book even outside of Boston.

Why many will be mumbling as to why outof-billions of like-minded refugees "How did this Emil Dude get so lucky?"

Let me add to the discussion a alternative



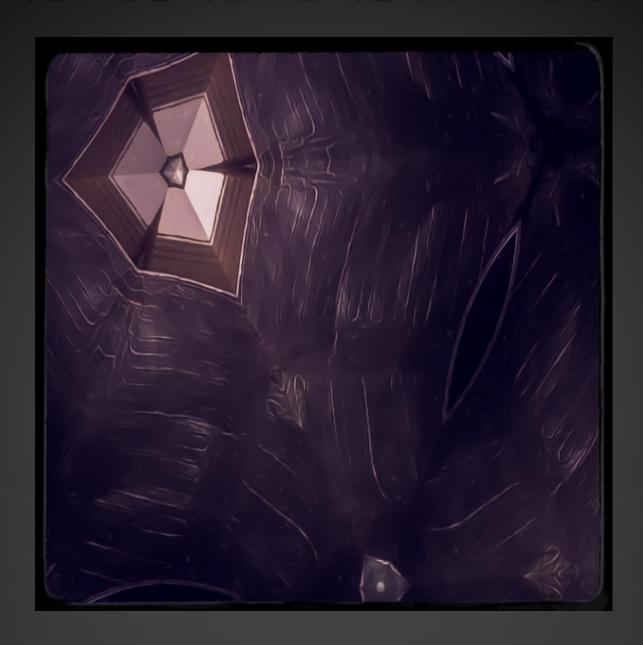
that I can see the merit
but don't embrace the
implied slur that goes
with the mixture of fact
and conjecture to come to
the conclusion that I am
allowed this FREEDOM as
the old ex-government
guy told me in an off-therecord conversation:
"They let the Tin-Foil Hat
People speak freely as no



one is really listening to
them because the system
has convinced the good
citizens that such people
are delusional, loser
hooligans..."
Maybe, it is a mixture of
both or neither...all this is
apparently way above my
paygrade as Sn. Albert
Gorefull use to say when

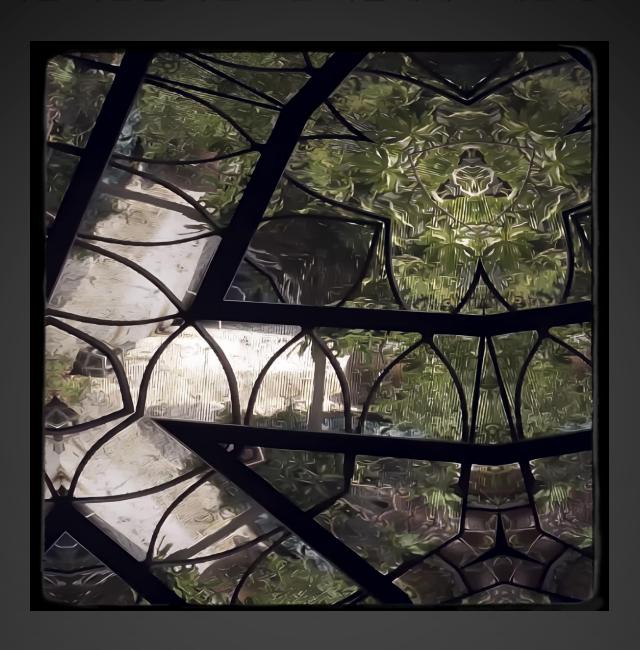
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they asked him about Billy

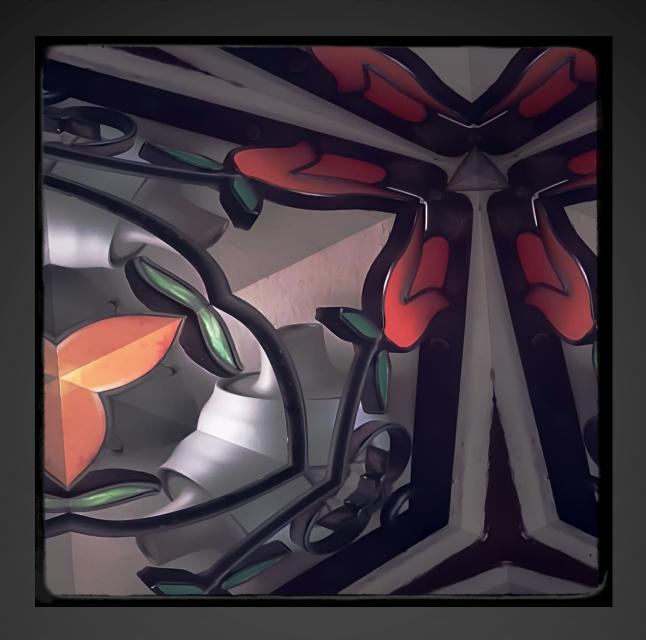


Clinton and still will not speak truthfully about "Tiger Woman" Hillary as he wants to stay alive...Thank you, kindly!

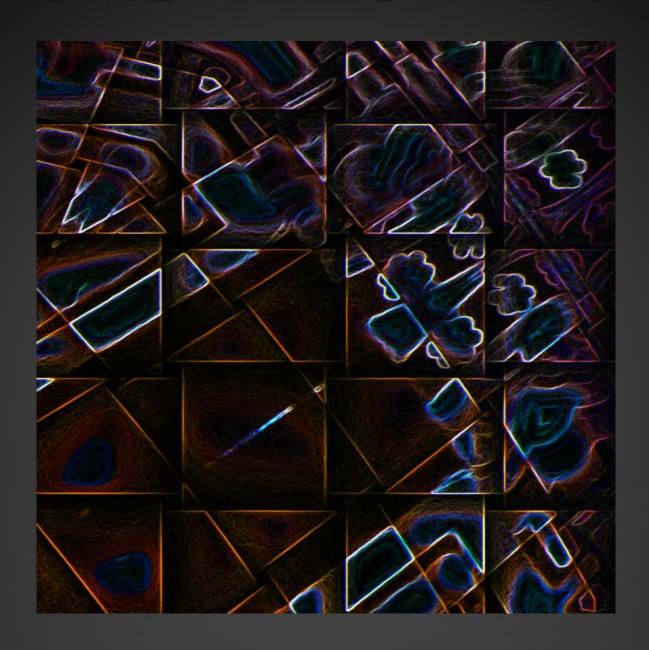
Once I had the opportunity to converse with my old pal, Larry Nichols, about all this and just let me say that Hillary was cheated by the Bad Man Trump and if



the United States is ever brought back together...
she has my vote!
She is still alive; right?
Well, until that time,
I stand by my last
statement as the last
thing I need is to wake up some random morning only
to find that I committed suicide by shooting myself
33 times in the back of

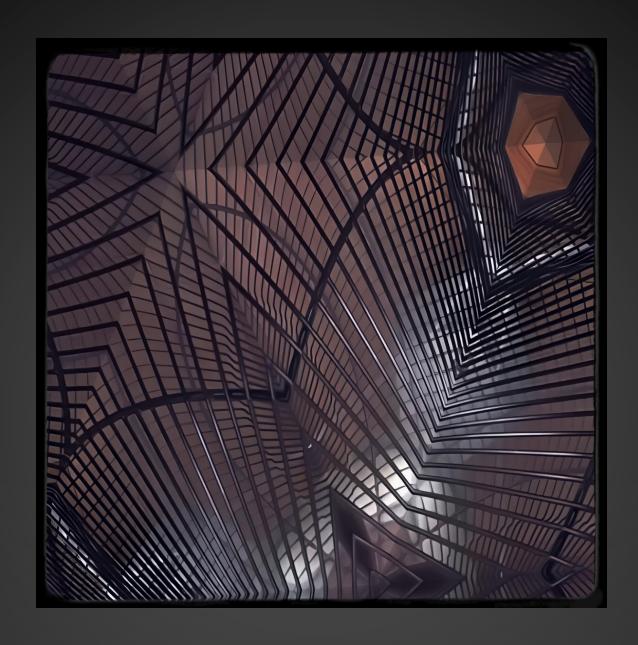


the neck or find myself
out in the middle of
national forest with a
typed suicide note pinned
to my surprising mud free
suit and shoes.
Let further suggest most
listeners need to read
Larry's "Clinton
Chronicles" before they
even think of badmouthing that old gal.



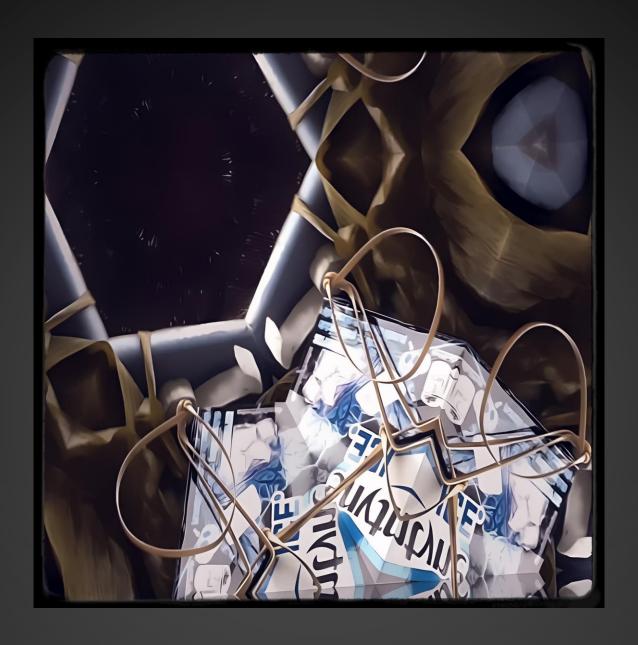
Let me finish by saying that whatever be the reason that I am allowed to talk freely; previous examples of more famous Jesuits of Truth like Saint John the Baptist never is far front the front pages of my daily thoughts.

As his cousin was famous for saying:

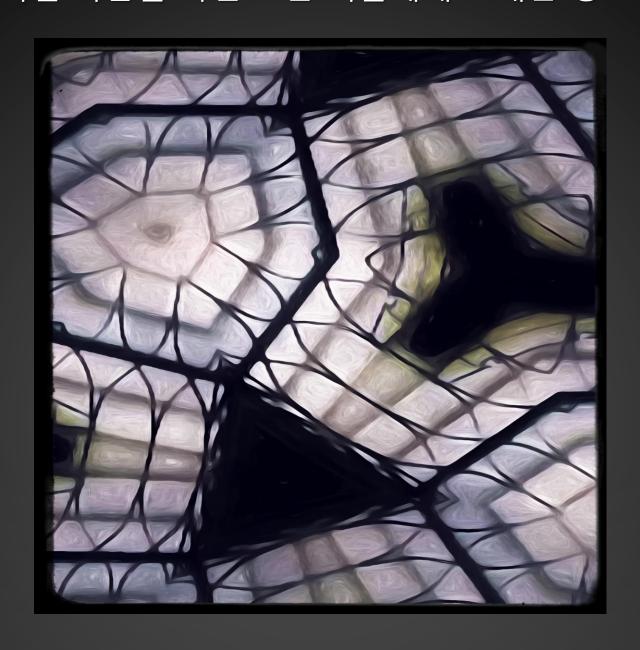


"John! Now there is no need to go loosing your head over all this religious/political crap...take a vacation down to Egypt as them Egyptian Gals sure are fine!"

I may be paraphrasing him a bit but that is more or less the jest of what he pleaded with John the day

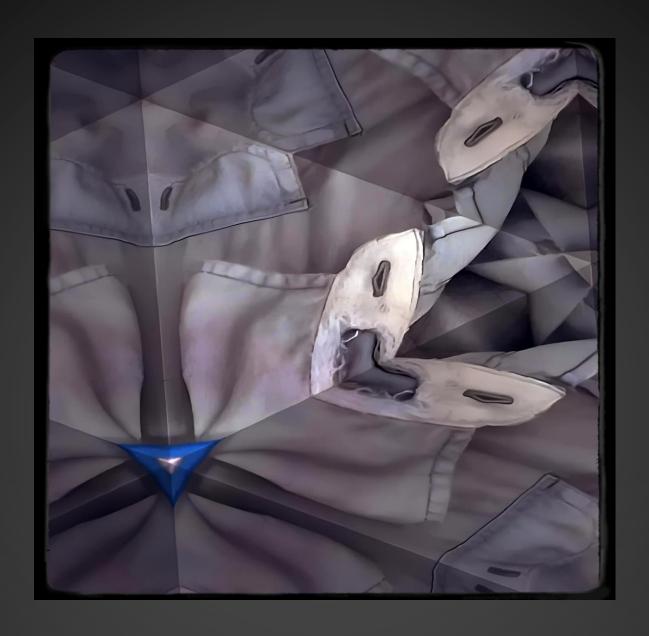


before them government
boys (NOT SEXIST
because all them
government boys where
just that...and, I am sure
they used proper
pronouns with that) came
down by the river for him.
True, a vacation would
suit me well and I have
daydreamed of all those
glory days out on the



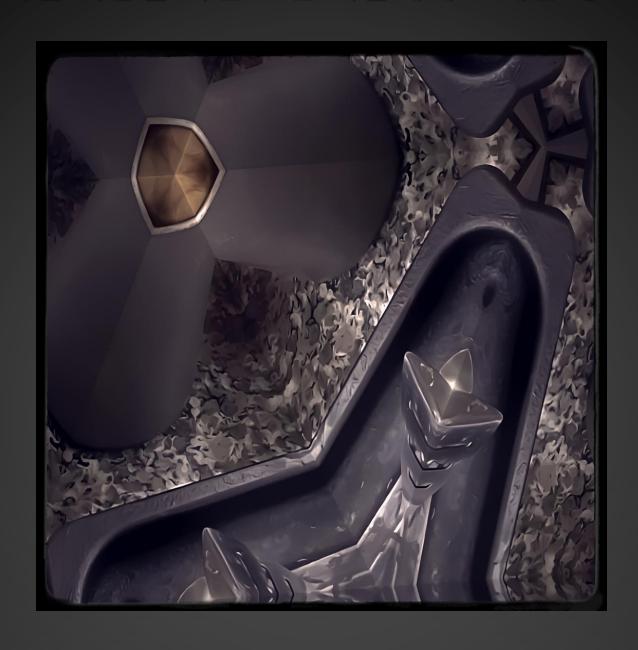
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Hobo Trails just me, my wits and my freshly printed "Donald Trump" 500 USD notes looking for a good exchange rate in some backwater's land. Then, I clearly consider that it was those virus plague killer lockdowns and biometric equipped immigration stalls that hindered any further



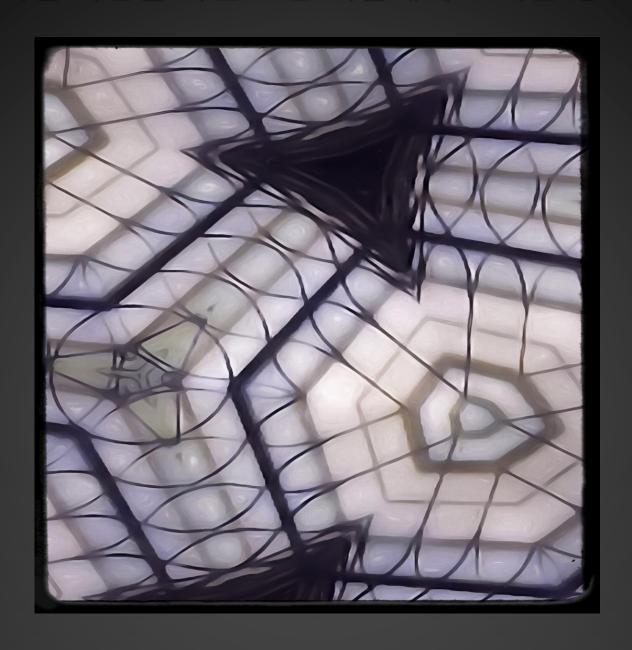
adventures with all the border crossings closed and the angry cries by politicos to shoot anyone without a proper vaccine passport.

Now, all this has faded into those same politicos proclaiming over the loud speakers right outside of their command bunkers "I don't really remember



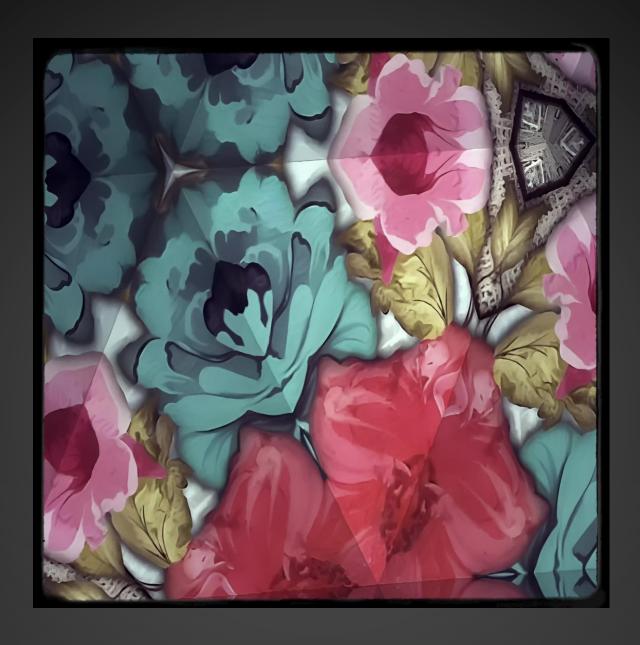
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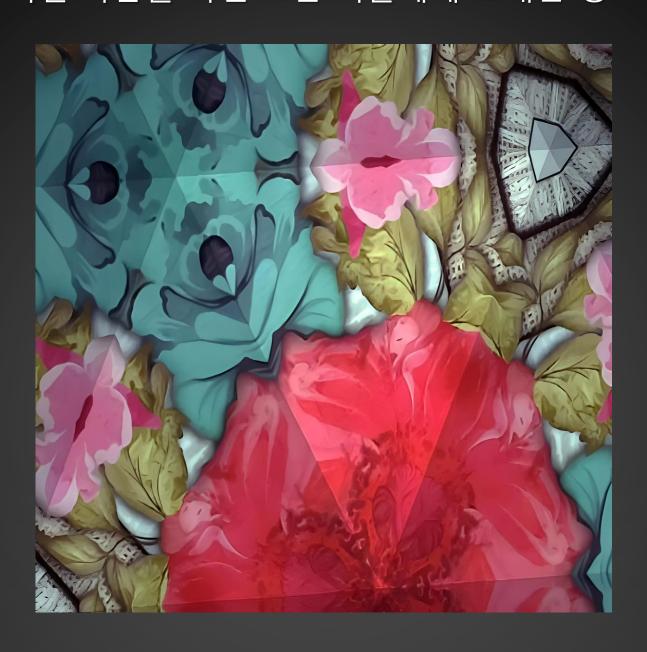
that...I was always against them evil lockdowns {Wink...Wink} don't you remember, my dear loyal and friendly voters?" The true problem is that I no longer have the economic viability to afford the griff, lockdown profiteering done by the greedy, corporate donor class.

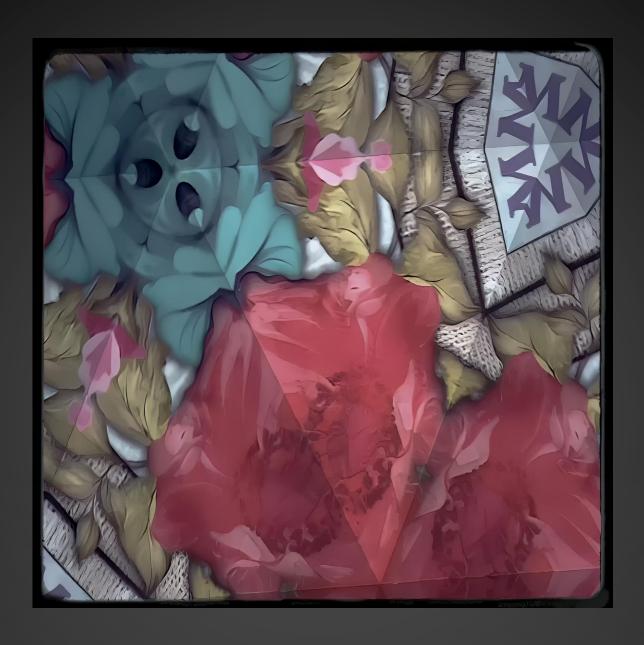


Most of us average joe citizens out here in the Free Nation's Block are now being priced out of being able to live a normal life and in the end; will we be that much better off than those minions of Ahriman knee walkers in the end?

Let me know in the chat if you agree.





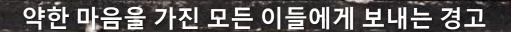


약한 마음을 가진 모든 이들에게 보내는 경고

A CURY PANCAKE HANG-OVER IN PENANG

"As I stood out there just right on the edge of acceptability, staring down into the bottomless abyss of our brave new modern age, one could sense that in these interesting times...we are facing a bleakest of future(s) that even the most hardcore





of those fiery, old-time radio preachers had never dared to predict and can I share as to what I actually did see...

"Right over there...it was hiding there in plain sight and even had the nerve to wave me over (in a seemingly, friendly jester) to proper introduce itself as my future social credit score.... then, I

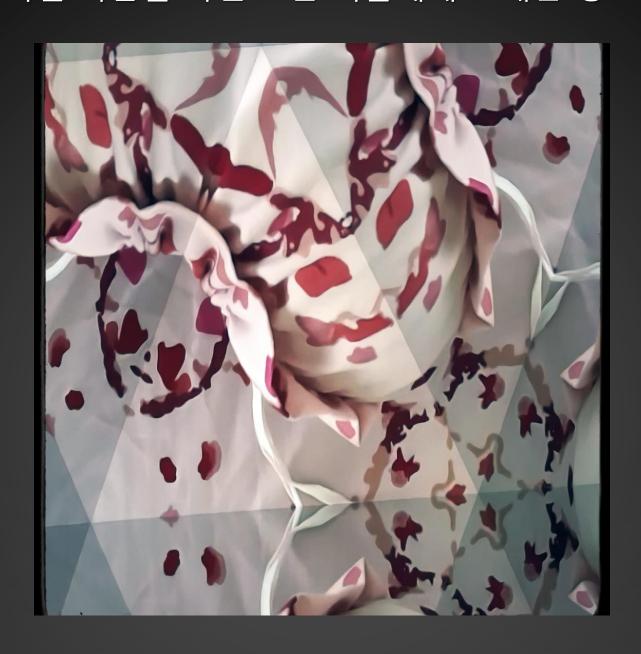
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woke up and swore to never again eat those (damn) curry pancakes right before bedtime..."

WEIRD...UHH???

The seemingly universal response in the comments below is to "Why am I sharing this experience with all of my fellow Emil Land Squatters?"



The truthful answer is I don't know. I am sure that my original thought was never to warn you off Curry Pancakes as they are rather good, lowcost and filling on a standard and stark Hobo Budget.

Curry Pancakes are easy to make and even the dirt poor corporate (sharecropper) artist with their total...

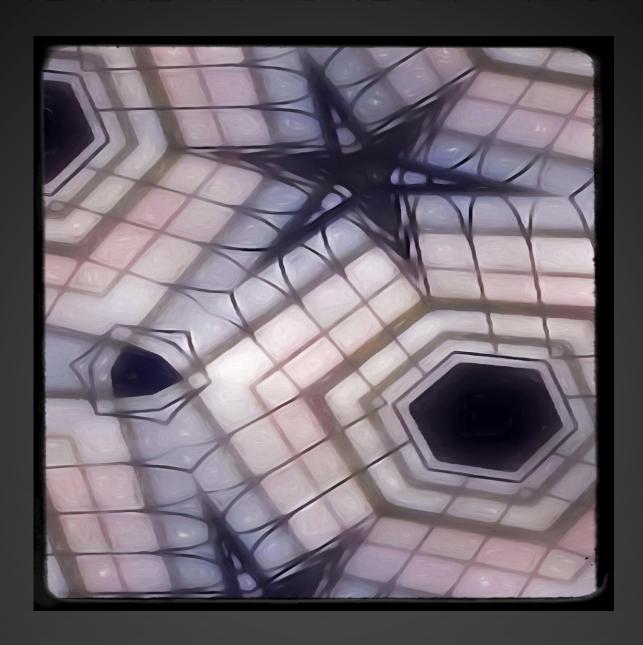


accumulated life savings clinging about in their front pocket can afford to dine on what I have been told was the favorite food of the Zeateppe gods of the lost histories.

Now, please don't quote me on this as I wasn't there in that lost era nor am I personal friends with even a distant relative of any of those (long



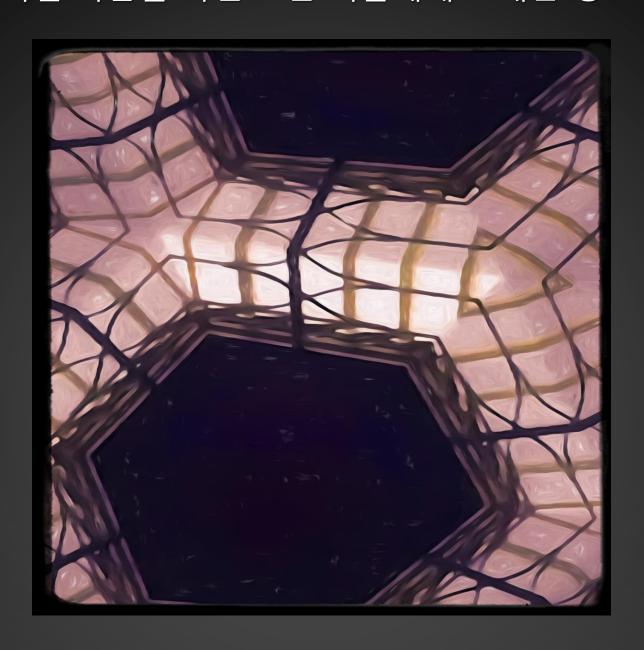
departed) original Overlord
Masters of humanity before
they departed when early
humans formed the first labor
unions and all the union
workers at the South African
Gold Mines went on strike
(which some modern
historians claim was the
catalyst for the original "Great
Killing" of humanity in the



Great Gilgamesh Flood and the establishment of the first ever "Right-to-Work" Convent of the few non-union laborers (scabs) who survived through what later generations claim was a bit of insider trading (Right, Mister Noah?) and their master overlords (gods)...but, this is still disputed by known experts.



"Gold mines...labor disputes...
and what may well be the
worst case of Union Busting
that there ever was and we
can see why everyone would
like to forget that chapter at
the 'End of the Zeateppe' Era
...But, Emil...what is the point
of this extra, long-winded tale
that even the FaceeBookie
claims is racist, disinformation



slur against the kind and gentle Zeateppe gods?"

Never mind me campers!

It must be them damn curry pancakes talking **NOT** me!

It does show you the mental clarity, the harmonic sequencing that the proper mixture of pancake batter and organic curry paste that is

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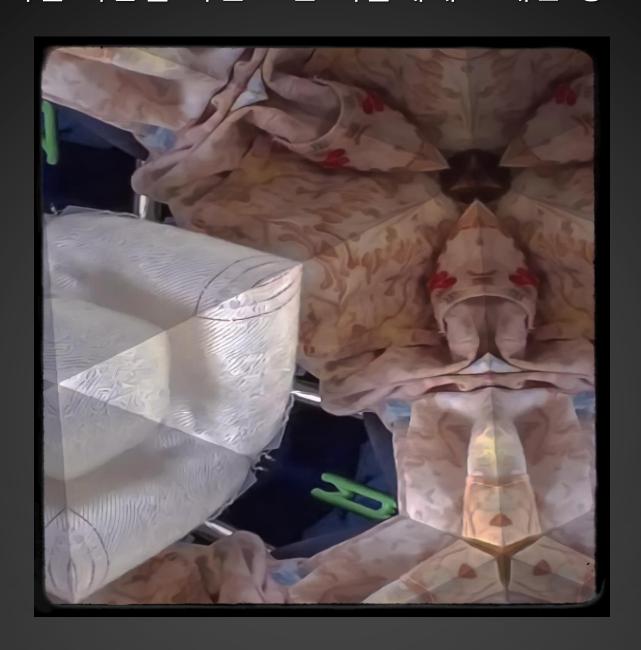


possible much like when Old
Uncle Sigmund first
discovered how to properly
grind coco leaves (discovering
cocaine) or those dudes over
at Caltech when they
invented LSD back in those
wild bygone days of the

"HAPPY DAYS" 1950'S

A hundred years from now, it

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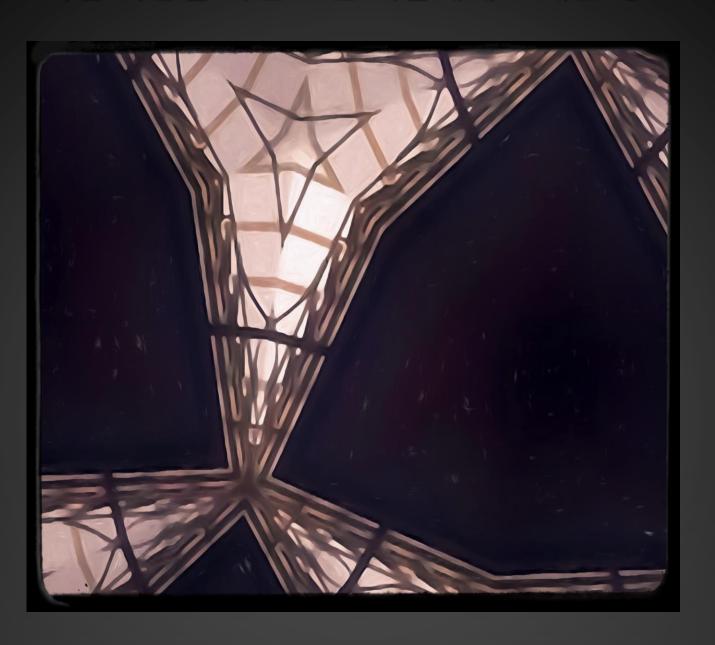
will be recorded that a failed Hobo Journalist even though a proud graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism (The Home Study Course) lucked upon the next generation's psychedelic of choice: "Curry Pancakes!"

Graham Hancock (a great

guy!) might have his

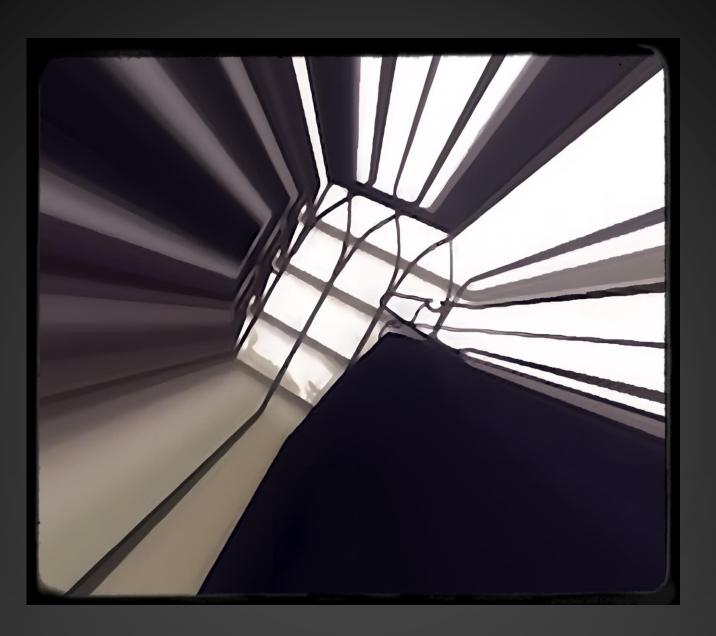
Ayahuasca but now, Emil has

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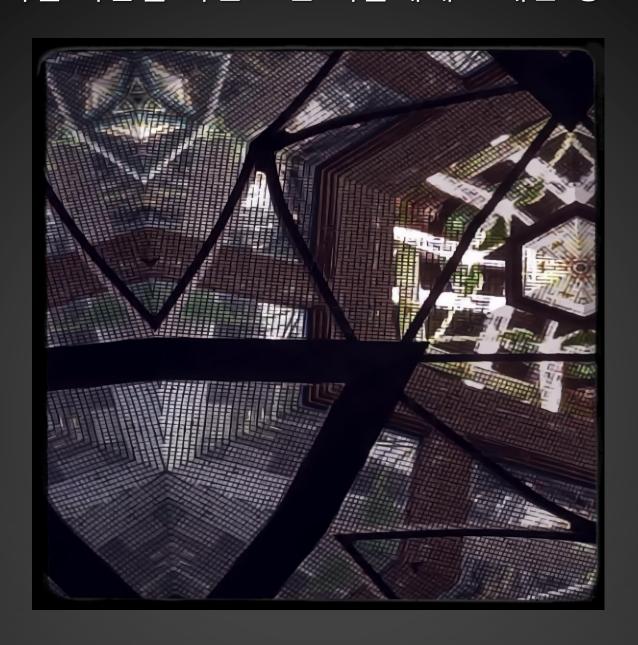
Sorry but we are in the waning hours of the day and if I had a real window here in my Virus Plague Killer Lockdown Lodge and Grill cell room; I would be sitting in anticipation of a fiery red sunset and would be getting ready to find my escape for yet another night's adventure

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as a fearless curfew runner living the wildlife of avoiding police patrols and the sweet taste of victory celebrated with the financial spurge to buy a pack of the 7/11's mango-flavored 'tator' chips by Lays...yet another great but, admittedly, an acquired taste.

The actual problem with FREE

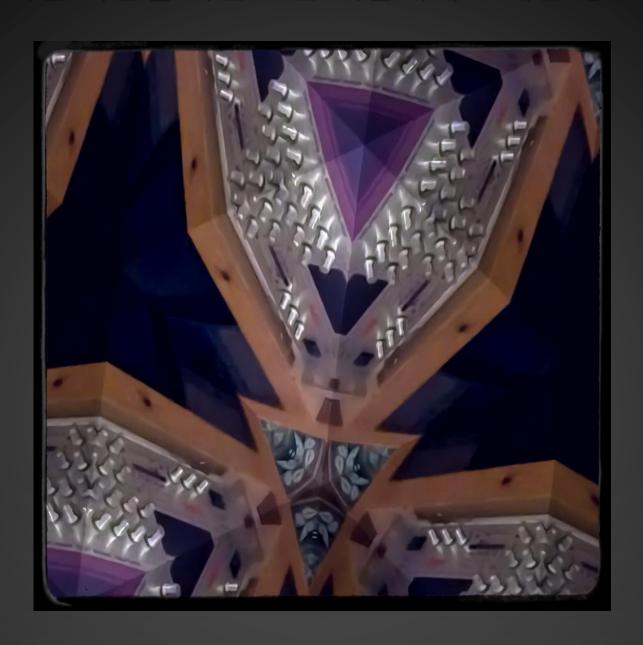


thought is that there is no economic (legal maybe) need to keep it focused and even the slightest diversions or shinny object will let its flight of fantasy and exploration seize the cockpit of our normally grounded judgment and instantly override our ability to invoke common sense and the next



thing you know it is three weeks later and you just woke up in either a dang, smell alleyway or you are being shook awake by a not so friendly bus conductor reminding you that there is no FREE riders or sleeping on his bus... "Not on my shift!" "This is proper transportation,

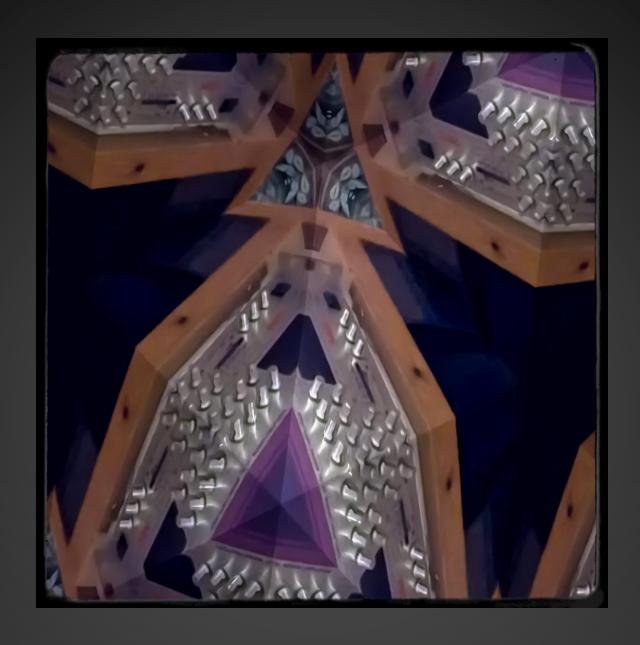
Comrade! Want to sleep on a



bus, go home to NYC!!!"

WAIT!

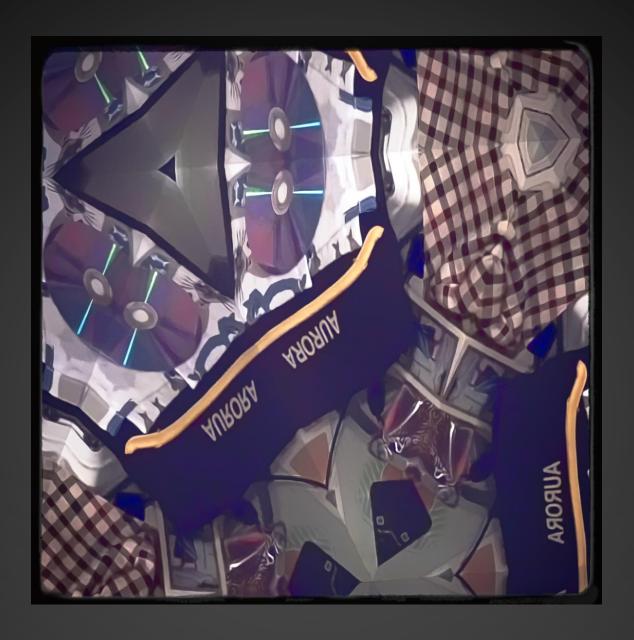
I am not from New York and in fact, the only time(s) I have been there...I was just passing through out to JFK...or that one time out to Jersey City and the Emil Zootsuit Riot





back in that deal-breaking year of 1942...Wasn't it?

If I didn't know better...had
I not been schooled by big
Sister Wanda in a "Reader's
Digest" version of the
Mysteries Schools; I might
have been tempted to utilize
the overused phrase about
how "times flies" even though
I do understand that time is an



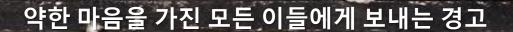
illusion imposed upon humanity by our original, master overlords as an accounting, performance measure in their first response to humankind's effort to unionize and demand Sundays off (even though that is yet another concept that didn't exist in those long gone days of the Zeateppe.



See, if I were a true marketing whiz kid, I would have tied this into "Curry Pancakes" and I would be pushing it on a Rumble Podcast or better yet, the Korean Home Shopping Network (which has the largest viewership of any HSN anywhere in the known world and if we were able to verify...probable throughout

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most of the unknown multiverse...like just saying!) but sadly I ain't and it only dawned on me months later while standing on the breadline outside of the Safeway Grocery Complex outside of Cleveland.

How pitiful our generation(s) are as your grandparents even at the worse of the Great

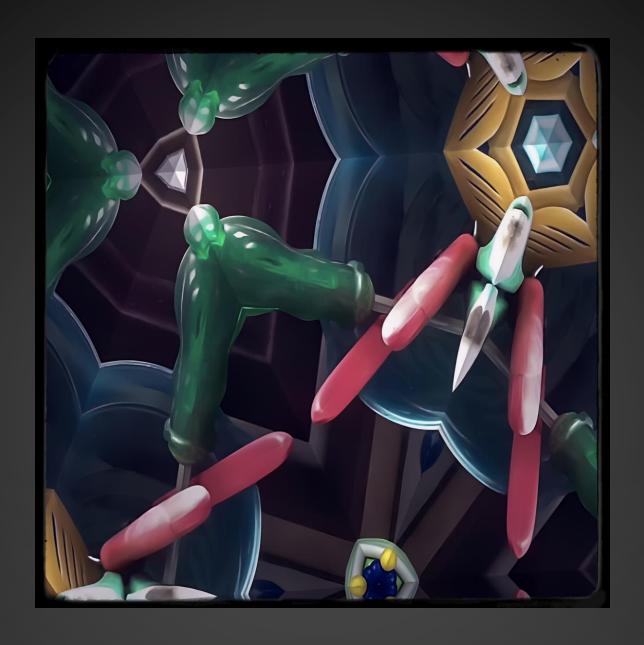


in a breadline...maybe,
because they grew their own
wheat...raised a few pigs and
back in those days...there
were no such thing as
transgender chickens waking
at dawn and putting the big
roster pants on as the
prepared to great the dawn in
a collective crown of



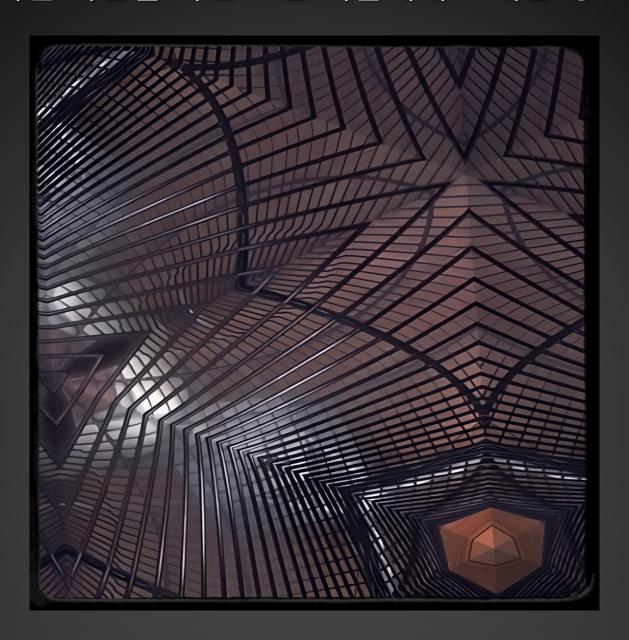
"Welcome...celebrate the new day as who knows what tomorrow will bring especially since Old Colonel Sanders was back in town!"

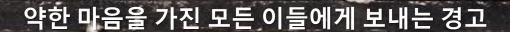
Come to think of it, there wasn't much call for trans anything...especially, in those days when many cultures still treated women as property to be bought and sold...



SERIOUSLY!

There were not many men who wanted to be women back in those days...Sorry but it was true! It would be like freed slaves dreaming of going back to the plantation...dressing up in rags and begging random white folks to beat them with a big stick.





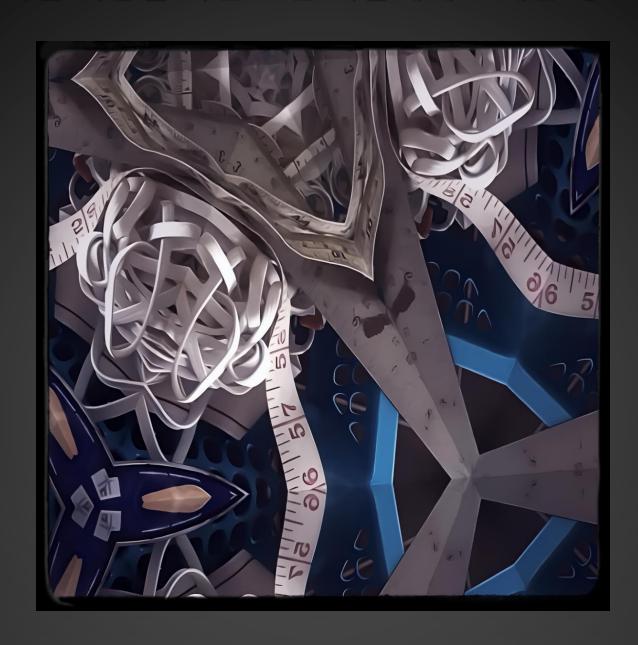
Get the point, Bubba???

OK! GET ANGRY.

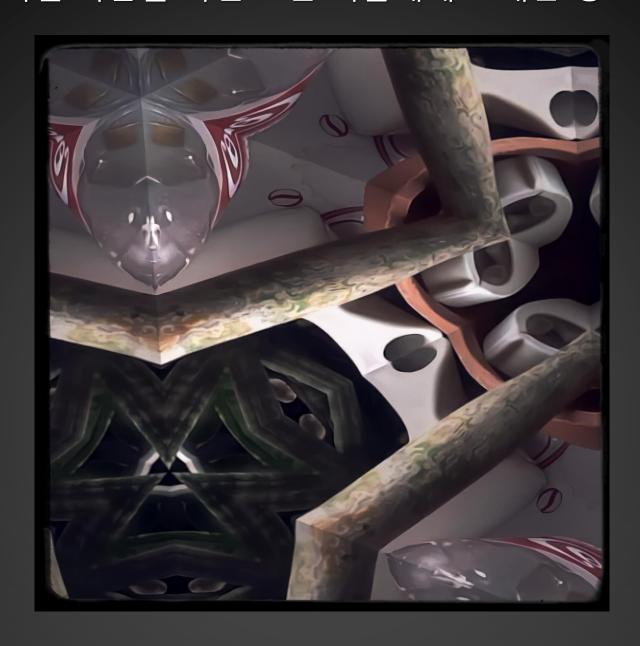
Please burn my book(s)...

My WWWG Slave Masters love it when you talk like that!

In fact, please do! I will get a few pennies for every book you sell...Like when I was a kid selling newspaper home delivery subscriptions door-to-door.

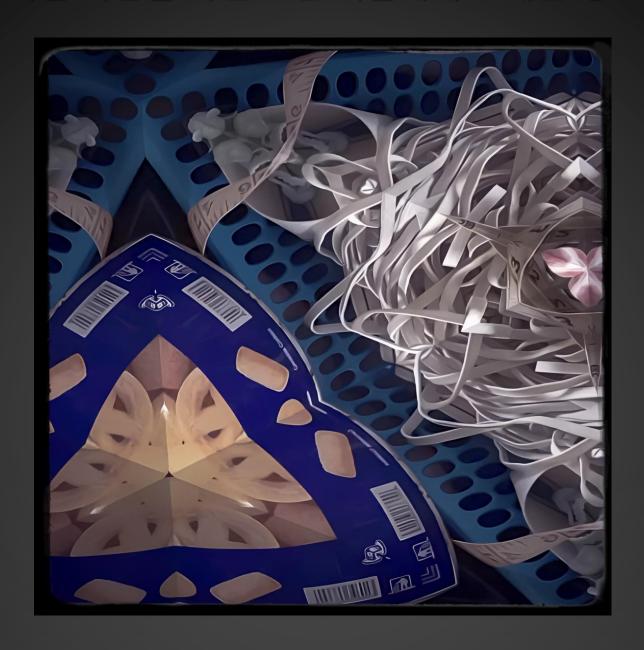


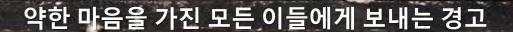
We had this prepared script
that we had to memories
about being in a contest to
win a FREE trip to
Washington DC and would
meet and shake hands with
the President (Woodrow
Wilson or by 1919 that would
have been Colonel North and
the First Lady who ran the
show after Woody had a



stroke coming home from his defeat at the Peace
Conference in Paris) and that
"I only need a few more subscriptions to win" It was a stone cold lie from the get-go and the truth was I made a sawbuck for every rube who put their "John Handcock" on the subcription order form...
I became very good at looking

Emil's TV HAVANA TV





people in the eye and telling the biggest whoppers without blinking or even the slightest stutter...

Thank you very kindly...

In fact, it paid for my stowage ticket on that slow streamer ship to London in 1917.

As you might know from my previous adventures out here on the Hobo Tour;





transgender chickens (even normal chickens for that matter too) and I have a long and rather sorted history.

They don't like me and admittingly so, I do return and share their disdain in kind.

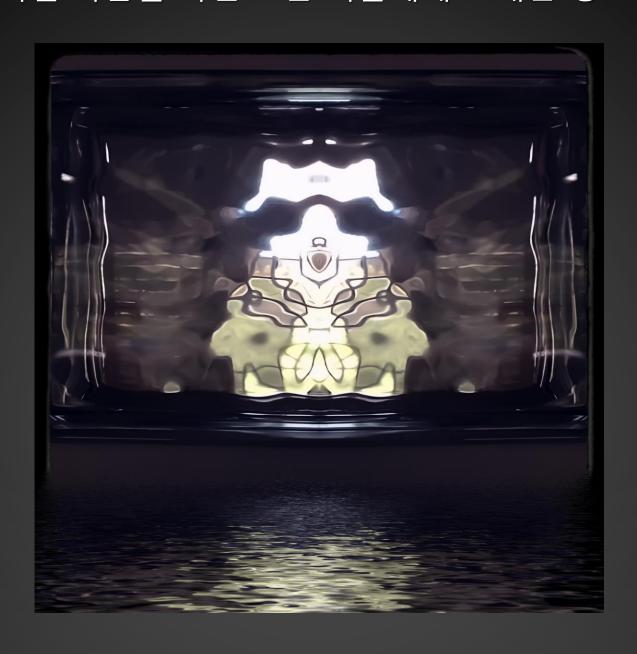
In fact, the only other animal that I really ever had a serious issue with are these giant Gecko Lizards who wake me in



the middle of the night drunkenly screaming "FRACK YA!" at the top of their tiny little lungs (gills?) at me due to the fact that I refused to buy insurance from them ever since they laid the Lady Flo off and also ditched those loveable Caveman Dudes off...they rode Harleys too - which get this...Harleys



actually had a secretly advanced "AI" (Artificial Intelligence) already in place as early as the early 1990's that allowed them to tell the call center dude that "Super-Hot" Flo was in trouble... almost classic, Lassie level of AI! Sorry! Flo and her "discount phaser-like, super gun" was super-hot in those

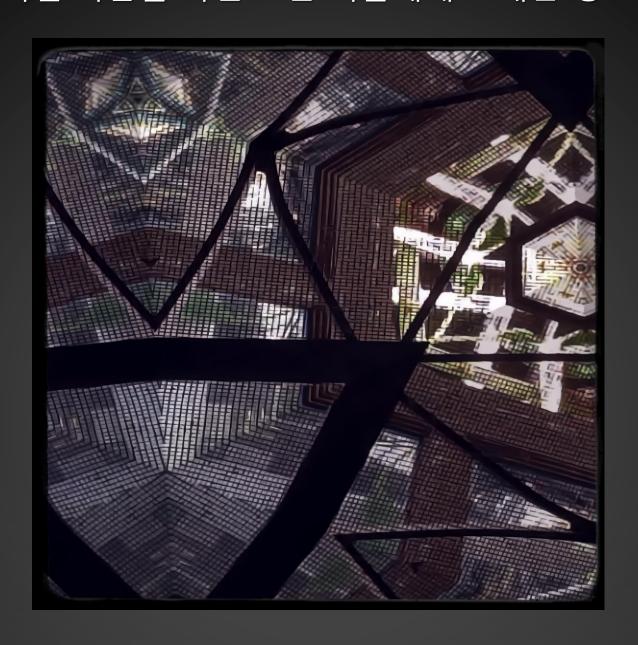


days and I would buy insurance (even to this day from such a hot babe) from her even though I don't even own a car..."Hubba-Hubba!"

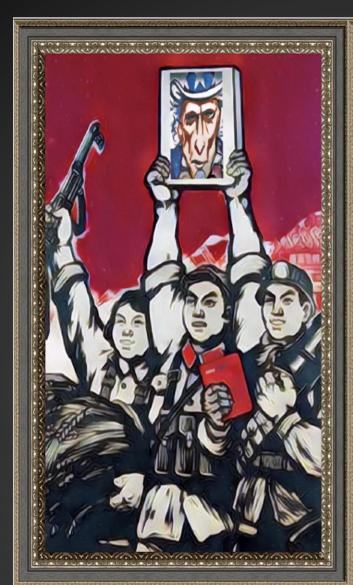
At my advanced age, I have learned to never hide my inner most secrets and must admit that I have lusted in my heart over this Flo Gal for multi-generations, now!













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•••

While (at the time) I never figured that I would have the honor to lunch with Mr. Gandhi...Like...ya just never know!



1 Year Ago See your memories >





Emil West is at Penang Port. 30 June 2021 · Butterworth · •

Dining with Gandhi...

